

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



APRIL—1952

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL



HONOR STUDY ROOM

I would like very much, on behalf of the *Journal* Staff, to congratulate the Student Council and the Honor Society on their joint project, the Honor Study Room. If, as I fully expect, this plan works out successfully, it will indeed be of great credit to the student body and faculty of Johnson High School.

At present candidates are being considered, and they will be selected carefully and according to their maturity and sense of responsibility. I sincerely hope for a successful outcome for this plan since the project will prove beneficial to the entire school. Therefore, I urge all those upon whom the privilege of using this room is conferred to use it wisely, in order that it may be a lasting one.

Diana Keach, '52

"WHY, SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE"

How many of us chose the nationality or race into which we were born? How many of us had the chance to decide before we came into being whether we would be black or white or yellow, whether we would be Jew or Gentile? The answers to these questions are, of course, obvious. And yet do we stop to think of the other fellow, who, like us, did not have any choice in the matter? Discrimination and prejudice are grow-

ing strong on the weaknesses of the human race.

Abraham Lincoln, one of America's foremost presidents and statesmen, heart-sick at his first experience with Negro slave markets, cried, "If I ever have a chance to hit slavery, I'm going to hit it hard."

How hard he hit it we now know. We know, too, what that fight cost him and others.

Here we are at the start of a new year and we have, more than likely, made our New Year's resolutions. It's not too late to add another resolution to that list though; resolve that you, personally will resolve to hit prejudice and, when you hit, hit it hard. Ask yourself this question: Does this evil make it hard for so many Americans to live with malice toward none, and charity for all? Think it over!

Helen Marie McCarthy, '52

"BATTER UP"

America's most popular pastime is baseball, the sport that yearly attracts millions to witness the thrills and disappointments which it has to offer.

The enthusiasm for this sport is so intense that Americans sleep, think, eat, and digest baseball from the beginning to the exciting climax of its season.

The interest in baseball is being stimulated even more by the formation of the "Little Leaguers." The virtues of this

organization are numerous. Healthier and sounder minds and bodies will be its greatest contributions to our youth.

Baseball represents even more than a game played with a ball and bat, nine players, a field, cheering spectators, soda pop, and hot dogs. It represents freedom, equality, and liberty to the many people living in ill-fated distant lands. Baseball to them means America; it is the symbol of hope and life.

So, as the snows begin melting and the cold harsh winter winds are transformed into warm, gentle breezes, baseball, the symbol of America, will come alive in the many parks scattered across our great nation.

Betty Duncan, '52

SLUMS

Why do they turn bad? Why do our prisons continue to contain more and more juvenile delinquents? Why does the death rate increase each year? Could our slums be the answer?

Take, for example, the eastern section of New York where over one hundred of the over-crowded homes huddled together are not even fit to live in. They are made of cheap material, unable to stand the snow, rain and wind of the cold winter months.

And what about the children? Their only playgrounds are the streets where they learn to fight and swear. And at night they hang around the bars and pool-rooms, begging money from the "big bosses." It isn't any wonder they run away from home to join the gangs, so young, so bad, and finally end up with a number on their chests.

The death rate is due to the continuous spread of contaminated food: milk is unpasteurized, bread molds, food decays, fruit rots, and the water is impure. From these we have the diseases known as tuberculosis, diphtheria, dysentery, ring-worm, and scurvy. Do you blame the people for not loving life?

Have you ever slept in a room with rats running back and forth on your bed, and the bed-bugs crawling over your body? There are rats and bugs in the food, on the table, on the dishes, everywhere in some of these slum homes.

You ask why doesn't someone do something? Why doesn't the Government build half-decent homes for the people, recreation centers, and combat the food situation?

The answer?

Can *you* answer the burning question of what to do with our slums?

Jane Morse, '52



LITERARY

THE LAST FEW HOURS

The courtroom was filled to capacity, on the serene day in August, with curious people from many towns and villages assembled to view a grim sight. Reporters were there by the dozen, and a constant and incessant buzzing droned throughout the rough-hewn courthouse which, in the last fifty years, had held murderers as well as horse-thieves, bank robbers as well as drunkards, and almost every imaginable kind of criminal.

Suddenly a hush fell over the crowd, as the judge passed from his private

chambers and proceeded to his bench. Once, twice, three times he pounded his gavel. Another door opened and the members of the jury filed to their seats.

"Has the jury reached a verdict?" asked the judge.

"We have, Your Honor," responded the foreman.

"What is your decision, foreman?"

"We, the jury, have found the defendant, Joseph Stillings, guilty of murder in the first degree."

The stillness of the room suddenly erupted into an outburst of voices, a few

indignant, but, for the most part triumphant. The judge pounded on his gavel five times before he was able to continue. "I will clear the court immediately if I hear another outburst such as was just made. Will the defendant please rise and face the court. I have no alternative but to pass sentence on the defendant immediately. During the week of November 17, you will be taken to the place prescribed by law and there a current of electricity will be passed through your body until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

This is what people had come to see. A man as human as themselves being sentenced to death.

"Are people always as morbid and curious as that?" mused Joe Stillings in his cell. These thoughts and many more filled Joe's mind, and it seemed hard for him to realize he had only five hours left before he was to walk through that big green door and never come out. He lay on his cot and pulled notable pages from his memory. One particular experience drummed in his brain—the time that he and one of his pals had gone rabbit-shooting. Joe had had one beauty lined up in his sights, but for some strange reason, he hadn't been able to pull the trigger. I wasn't meant to kill, thought Joe, and yet, almost four months ago, he had bludgeoned an old man to death, after planning it for eight days.

What had caused that craving, burning desire for money? Whoever would have thought that a frail, slender man like Joe Stillings could possibly have been guilty of such a crime?

He had thought back to the trial and all the excitement. The jury hadn't recessed very long. Only one hour and forty-six minutes. He thought of flashbulbs popping and of his wife sobbing hysterically in his arms. He relived the days and nights he had spent in the local jail and now, here he was in the state penitentiary with only a short time left.

Joe rose from his cot and walked to the door. He looked at the large clock on the wall. Only three hours before he went to meet his Maker.

Minute beads of sweat stood out on

Joe's forehead as he tried to imagine how his wife, Sherry, would explain to Terry, their son, that his father was a murderer. He cursed under his breath and sat down on the edge of the steel cot trying to think of how he would act and feel when they came for him. Would he go standing straight with a semblance of pride, or would he crack and weep like a child, screaming his repentance to the world?

The dazed prisoner gazed at the floor. How many times had he paced it, up and down, from corner to corner, side to side? He recalled his last meal. The food had been excellent but, for some reason, he just had not been able to stomach it. A grim, harsh smile played on Joe's face for a few seconds and then he lay back slowly, knowing that soon the grim reaper would swing his scythe.

"This can't be happening to me; it just isn't real. It's just a nightmare." Joe tried to console himself with diverse thoughts, but deep inside he knew that this ordeal would end soon and he could not help dozing off, with faint voices arguing inside his brain.

The seconds ticked into minutes, the minutes into hours, and Joe slept fitfully with visions of the devil at the gates of hell.

"Joe, Joe, wake up. It's time."

Joe opened his eyes and saw the Chaplain shaking him gently. The Chaplain's words dawned on him slowly.

"Your time is up, Joe. They're waiting outside."

Joe glanced through the steel bars and saw the warden and two guards waiting.

"I'm ready," he said solemnly and, swallowing hard, he rose to his feet and began the walk. He passed through the door, the Chaplain and warden in front, a guard on either side. Every eye was on him as he marched toward the door. He stepped proudly, his head high, his body erect, and every convict in the cell-block had pity in his heart for this frail man who went to oblivion so much at peace.

The warden opened the green door and they stepped inside.

The cell-block was grimly still as the men waited for death to fill the prison.

Every convict had his eyes fixed on the lights and, after a moment of suspense, a humming sound issued from the death room and the lights grew dim. Almost instantaneously, a scream which could only be that of a man in horrible pain filled the block, and it was known to every man that Joe Stillings had paid fully for his crime.

John Belyea, '52

A DISSECTION

After reading in the *Spectator* the article concerning the dissection of a coquette's heart, I resolved to conduct a similar experiment in the school biology laboratory. I chose for my subject the head of a college sophomore who had passed away from a complaint in that region.

Upon entering the section in which knowledge is retained, I observed such a conglomeration of abstract facts as I have never before witnessed and which aroused my housekeeping instincts since, though some areas were quite cluttered, others were quite empty. However, I suppressed these feelings and proceeded to that file in which sensations experienced by the individual are recorded. Here I discovered such a quantity of incomplete entries that no plausible conclusion could be reached from the entire collection.

Finally, I reached that area, peculiar to man, in which that wonder of wonders, a thought, originates. To my astonishment, this section was a complete contrast to the others, since everything was almost completely fresh and untouched.

After a few more inconsequential observations, I decided to place this object in a substance which would preserve it for the future instruction of others, as it has proved invaluable to me.

Diana Keach, '52

A HOUSE FOR A MOUSE

Mrs. Matilda Mouse was house hunting. She looked all over the Johnson home from cellar to attic, but she had not found satisfactory living-quarters.

"I declare, Zeke," she said one night. "It is impossible to find a place to live these days. These Johnson people are getting to be so terribly clean. It's a

shame the way they are cleaning up their attic and cellar. They haven't left a single empty shoe box or any old newspapers, they burned up the old rag bag. We'll just have to find a new family to live with, that's all. I'm getting so nervous."

"Now, Matilda," said Zeke, looking at his wife over his spectacles and putting down his paper so that he could pat her paw, "don't get excited. Moving won't help. I see by the Mouseland Newspaper that all people are doing this disgraceful housecleaning. They do it in spring, it seems. We might as well stay here. Some sort of house will turn up, I'm sure. Besides, the Johnsons serve such good cheese. And Mrs. Johnson is a very crumbly cheese slicer."

"Humph!" snorted Matilda. "Just like a husband. Thinking of your stomach."

"Thinking of cheese, my dear," Zeke corrected her with a sly twinkle. "Nice, sharp, crumbly cheese. Ah-h-h!"

"Humph," said Matilda, but she sounded a bit more cheerful. After all, the Johnsons did have a superb taste in cheese, and so they might be forgiven for being so clean. And she could go house hunting one more day. It would do no harm.

"And it might do some good," Zeke pointed out.

Zeke was right. For in a corner of the attic under the rafters, Matilda discovered an old shoe of young Joe Johnsons. She took possession at once, making a cozy nursery for her babies in the toe and a nice room for herself and Zeke in the heel.

Things went along very well until the babies began to grow up. They reached the romping stage and would not stay in the nursery. They raced all over the house from heel to toe and would not give Zeke and Matilda a moment's peace.

"I declare," Matilda said to Zeke one night. "We'll just have to find a new house, that's all. I'm getting so nervous."

Zeke was getting a little nervous himself, what with the children playing tag all over him while he tried to read the paper; therefore, he gave the matter some serious thought.

"My dear, I have an idea," he said at last. "I saw the mate to this shoe, back under the rafters at the other end of the attic. I think if we all worked together we could push it over here beside this one."

"And have a two-room apartment," interrupted Matilda in high glee. "How elegant! Let's get to work at once."

So she called all the children together and they all set out to move the new house.

"Now, children," said Zeke, taking charge, "you get hold of the shoestrings and pull. Mary, Florence, Anne, Maude, Alice, and Nancy on one string and Roger, Bob, Jim, John, Dan, and Ed on the other string. That's it. Your mother and I will get behind and push. Ready? One-two-three-go!"

Push! Pull! Push! Pull! The shoe moved across the floor inch by inch. At last it stood beside its mate.

"We'll chew out connecting doorways," said Zeke to Matilda. "You take that shoe and I'll do this one."

In two wiggles of a cat's whiskers the connecting doorways were nibbled through and the mouse family could run back and forth as easily as could be. The children could romp all they pleased in one shoe while Matilda and Zeke sat quietly in the other.

"You know, my dear," said Zeke as he lit his pipe and prepared to read the Mouseland Newspaper, "this reminds me of a poem I once read in a book of the Johnson's. I don't remember it exactly, but if you'll permit, I'll fill in words to suit our case."

"Of course my dear," said Matilda. "Go right ahead."

"A-hem!" said Zeke, clearing his throat: "There was a mouse family who lived in a shoe.

They had so many children they didn't know what to do.

So they made a new room with the first shoe's mate,

And now have an apartment where they live in fine state."

Ida Mammino, '55

THE RACE

The two cars came to a screeching stop at the light. The occupants, with cool stares, challenged each other to a race. At the sign of the yellow light the engines roared, and hardly had the green light blinked on, when the drivers snapped out the clutch and their cars shot forward in first.

Their speedometers showed 45 before the gears were ground into second. The temperature of both engines was well over 180, and both cars were throwing oil. Both cars shot around a curve and finally dropped into third.

Their speed was now 90 as they shot up the hill, neck and neck on a three lane road. As they reached the top, two other motorists, one passing the other, shot out before them. The resulting accident did nothing but give a few undertakers a job, and some junkman a few pieces of scrap from what once had been the pride of the roads for some happy families.

And what does all this prove? The part of the car which causes most of the accidents is the nut behind the wheel.

Robert Wilcox, '55

THE WEEPING WILLOW

The cool morning breeze rustled the graceful golden boughs of the weeping willow in the grove.

Lazily gazing through the network of swaying branches, I peered up at the turquoise sky spread softly like a protective coverlet over the earth. The tiny amber leaflets brushed my face and tousled my hair as I sat dreaming about the world beyond those purple hills. A rippling green valley unfurled in the distance like a carpet leading the way to the other world—the big city!

I imagined the glistening lights, the music of famous bands, the theater, all before me like a tiny toy village.

Suddenly I found myself walking down a boulevard teeming with people, gay voices, laughter! Skyscrapers, like domineering giants, loomed in the air and became swallowed up in the clouds.

Momentarily I became only an ant in a kingdom of giants; my head spun, my legs

left my body, I sank into a world of deep indigo with stars, like bowling balls, overpowering me, surrounding me!

Then my world exploded into an amber sea of mist as, once again, the birds sang and the swaying boughs of the willow interrupted my dream. My weeping willow—the safest place this side of the purple hills!

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NEW ENGLAND STOVE

I am a small, white stove with black trimming. Once I was really quite handsome in my gleaming coat of paint, but now my enamel is chipping and the fine gloss of my black paint has long since worn off.

For a great number of years I have made my home in a neat little Vermont farmhouse. I have seen the children grow from infants to adults and have shared their joys and sorrows, for I have been with them for so long that I feel I am one of the family.

In the past, one of the older boys would feed me wood every morning and I would burn it merrily, filling the room with warmth. I shall never forget grandma's little whistling teakettle, nor the tiny china teapot, shaped like a clown, which stood on my shelf and had come all the way from Japan. Everytime grandma had a few coins to spare she would drop them in this teapot and add, with a twinkle in her merry blue eyes that this would be kept for something extra special. How the children would gaze on it rapturously, with visions of the circus dancing in their heads! On the cold, wintry days, Tobey, their pet mongrel, would sprawl comfortably down in front of me and, while he was soaking in the warmth, we would hold many long discussions together.

I shall always remember the wonderful family reunions held in grandma's house on Christmas and Thanksgiving when all the children and grandchildren, all the aunts and uncles and cousins would flock to the farm, and their joyous peals of laughter would make the rafters ring. Then all the women would come and

help grandma prepare the huge holiday feast. All morning long I would be kept busy, as one pumpkin pie after another was placed in my oven to bake. What spicy fragrance would fill that little kitchen and how everyone would "Oh!" and "Ah!" when they spied the heavily-laden table!

Just a few days ago a huge truck drove up and, after much excitement and deliberation, a gleaming white porcelain electric stove was brought into the kitchen. My happy career is over now, and all on account of one of those new-fangled gadgets. But I have always done my best and never caused my family any trouble. Oh, dear! I do hope they won't give me to the junk man.

Helen Mooradkanian, '55

A WORTHWHILE JOURNEY

Zoom! went the powerful rocket cruiser, Comet, as it took off from the newly-inhabited planet Phalanges, or the Finger Planet, discovered about a kiloyear ago and named so because of its uncanny shape. Yes, this year 4500 Dad, after a little persuasion, agreed to let me take this trip to ancient Eearth.

After three hours, our cruiser finally arrived amidst the ruins of the old Atomic Age. Each passenger was given a pair of teloglasses and orders to report to the East Rocket Room, located at the very top of the ship, about 1,000 feet above the place where we had landed atop Mt. McKinley.

As I looked around the world through my teloglasses, things seemed to be quiet and peaceful. The people of Eurasia were now enjoying the prosperities of freedom and democracy. Stalin and his followers had been put to death many years ago after being defeated by the N. A. T. O. Army.

Great Britain, Egypt, and Iran were the best of friends. Egypt had gone so far as to show the English how to preserve people.

Suddenly a red glare brightened the skies over Japan. I could hardly believe my eyes. Japan's famous volcanoes were still blowing their tops. Old Faithful, as I found out later, was spitting cold water

now. A young passenger insisted it must have cooled off over the ages.

Then, as I changed the focus on my glasses, an even stranger sight met my eyes. Six very old men, with beards touching the ground, crawled from the ruins of the Empire State Building at the point of Solar Guard ray guns.

I learned later that they were none other than the notorious Brink's robbers. This certainly proved to me that crime doesn't pay.

Two days later we returned to Phalanges and, of all my exciting experiences on Earth, I remembered most distinctly, "The Lady with the Lamp," still standing for Liberty and Freedom through many a storm and terrible war.

Yes, my trip to Earth was certainly worthwhile.

Joan Valliere, '55

THE CLOVER FIELD

The rabbit watched the glory of the early sunrise and, at long intervals, delicately sniffed at the fresh air.

Pearl-like drops of dew still covered the countryside, and an air of quietness enveloped all beings.

The rabbit sniffed at the air mixed with many odors. He could identify the rubbish heap across the river, the thick sweetness of the laurel and other summer flowers, the huge fields of oats—but one scent led him on.

He rose off his haunches and hopped down the winding path, over the ivy-covered stone wall, tripped over the columbine, and braved the thick, warm jungles of oats until he came to a field of young clover, thick with tender red and green blooms.

He gave one great leap and landed into the midst of the largest patch. There he stayed, wallowing in the field, letting the scent and sweetness inundate him, and occasionally nibbling at the choicest eaves.

The afternoon came and went and, as time flew by, the rabbit turned toward his home. He cut across the field to reach the main path, when a loud, resounding snap filled the air.

The rabbit writhed and screamed in

pain and agony, as he tried to free himself from the clutches of his tormentor. Darkness fell, and he whimpered, the pain throbbing on and on.

The rising sun was the first to witness the lifeless form caught in one of Farmer Brown's traps. The day dragged on, one of the hottest of that summer; the birds still sang their cheerful songs and the flowers swayed in the gentle breeze; but even so, it was evident something was missing—something that could never be replaced.

Dorothy Weingart, '55

SPRING FEVER

I got off to an early start the other morning and took my plane and started to sail in the clouds. It certainly was a remarkable day. Blue sky, white clouds, and the sun shining brightly. Up and up I roared, my destination entirely unknown. But what difference did it make? I hadn't a care in the world.

School had ceased to exist, somehow or other. Dishes and other chores that usually made me tired were very much in the past. Where or when I learned to fly I neither knew nor cared. I managed the ship beautifully.

Now, what was that? It must have been an air pocket. What, another air pocket? Maybe the plane is going out of control. I should crash land. Oh dear, and on such a beautiful day.

What? Oh! Mother, you say I'll be late for school if I don't hurry? Well, you may be sure I crash landed out of bed, even though it was entirely against my will.

Nancy Burke, '54

WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND

I hopped out of bed and my bare feet tingled at the touch of the cold floor. I stepped into my cozy sheepskin-lined slippers and hastened to the window to drink in some of the exquisite beauty of the day.

The harsh wind and driving snow of the preceding day had ceased and only the quiet beauty remained. Crystalline snow stretched out as far as the eye could see, gently flowing and white. It was as if

an extensive blanket had been lowered like a curtain and enveloped the earth.

The heavy snow had weighed down the trees, and the powder snow had dusted them caressingly so that all glistened like sparkling diamonds.

A large grotesque umbrella tree was heavily loaded and drooped under the oppressive weight it was forced to endure, but the young spruce stood by, defiantly bearing its burden with pride and ease. Some boughs had fallen to the ground, appearing to be huge footprints of a monster bird who had visited in the darkness of the night.

The spectacle held me spellbound. My street was a veritable path to fairyland.

Reluctant as I was to leave this picture, the insistent call of my mother drew me to reality.

As I hurried down to breakfast, I pondered, "The aging umbrella tree, weary under the burden of years, dependent on the young spruce, is not unlike the older generation depending on the strength of its youth."

The wonders of nature can teach us much about the life of the world around us.

Jane Lewis, '53

SECRET WEAPON

Slowly the submarine rose from the murky depths. A hatch opened and two men came out—one dressed in a black rubber suit with two silver tubes on his back, the other dressed as an officer. "We will be back at exactly 3:00," said the officer. "Good luck."

Silently the other man dove over the side of the ship. As the submarine sank out of sight, he swam swiftly toward the shore of a large city in North Korea where it was known there were a large number of ships and supplies. The tubes on his back contained enough oxygen to allow him to stay under water for an hour and a half. The pack he dragged through the water contained enough explosives to blow the whole town to bits.

It was approaching 2:00 when he reached the docks. The moon was beginning to appear and he could see the guards on the docks. He placed a charge on the

first dock and moved on to the second and third. When he had placed all the charges and wired them, he began to move out to sea with the detonator.

Approaching a reef, he found it covered with a slime which stung his hands. Jelly fish! He swam away swiftly. He placed the detonator on his pack filled with air in such a way that it would float. Two-thirty. At two forty-five he would set off the charge; at two-fifty the first explosion would occur.

Then he remembered the warehouses; what if they should escape the blasts? He swam to the shore swiftly but quietly, climbed on the first dock, ran the fifty yards to the warehouse, threw a spare charge through a window and began to run. A guard saw him and began firing. He dove into the water as the explosion rocked the air.

He reached the detonator and saw the flames rising from the warehouses. What if the guard had seen him closely enough to see the tubes on his back and the fins on his feet? They would surely search under the docks and find the charges. He would have to set the charge off now and take his chances. He pressed the detonator down and then swam to where the submarine was to meet him.

A sudden explosion, and the sky became a brilliant orange and red. The rest of the charges went off. Searchlights sprang from a dozen different places, searching the sky and the water. There was a five-minute wait before the submarine could reach him.

Suddenly there was an eruption on the top of the water. The submarine! He swam swiftly towards it. Eager hands pulled him on board and into the submarine. Reports have come from China of a new and secret weapon the United Nations have used in Korea.

Robert Boutilier, '55

LIMERICKS

There is a young lady named Joyce,
For class secretary we made her our
choice.

She's always on the run
When there's work to be done.
Our sweet, petite, blond girl named Joyce.

Evelyn's a girl of such poise,
 She doesn't have trouble with boys.
 At flattery she's great
 When a lad is at stake,
 She's talkative, but minus much noise.

There is a young lady named Kary
 She's liked by all, Tom, Dick, and Harry.
 When she talks to the guys
 She uses her eyes;
 I wonder—do you think she'll marry?

There is a young lady named Fay,
 When she's there, it always is gay.
 She'll give you a skit
 Using just her own wit,
 Then laughter will last all the day.

Bob Thomson's on our baseball team,
 When he pitches, all the girls gleam.
 They sit there and shout
 As Bob strikes them out.
 He sure has us all on the beam.

A talkative miss is named Pat;
 She's cute and petite and all that.
 She's followed by laughter,
 No service will draft her,
 'Cause she'll talk her way right out of
 that.

You've guessed it, her first name's Flo.
 In the movie she's stealing the show.
 I know it's not maybe
 That she likes the Navy.
 Here's a sailor. Wow! Look at her go!

There once was a fellow named Walter
 Who feared most a trip to the altar.
 He liked having fun—
 Keeping girls on the run,
 A description like this fits our Walter.

There once was a young lady named
 Chris,
 She really was quite the Miss.
 Her class thought her peppy—
 So quick and so steppy.
 This rambunctious young lady named
 Chris.

There is a young lady named Marion;
 Her French book she's always a-carryin'
 At French she is great,
 Her looks take the cake,
 This popular young lady named Marion.

At play-acting Arlene's the best.
 The main thing—French is her quest.
 To Romeo she's been true,
 Oh yes, to Miss Cook, too!
 She really can outdo the rest.

Betty Duncan's director and writer,
 And there is no one to fight her.
 "Shoot this scene awhile?"
 "Come on, kids, now smile!"
 And they put on sour faces to spite her.

At basketball she's sure a whiz.
 I guess it's the same with a quiz.
 She has all others beat
 As the girl athlete.
 Yep! Betty Corcoran so quick, yet petite.

Sure he can play on that basketball court.
 You should see him in any sport!
 He's the one they all pick
 To pass, run or kick.
 It's Doug Alexander, our all-round sport.

Without Lorraine Room 8 would be dull,
 But with her there, there's never a lull.
 We're happy and gay
 'Cause she sings every day.
 From morning right to the last bell.

There was a young fellow named Knight-
 ly,
 He seemed to do everything brightly.
 At leading his class
 And catching that pass
 He's proved all his tasks are done rightly.

George is one boy on the beam,
 He's captain of our basketball team.
 In math he is great
 But French is his fate
 And his favorite pastime's "to dream."

Mary Long, '52



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

The Johnson High cheerleaders made a good showing at the annual Cheerleading Competition held at Hudson, Massachusetts, on March 14. Despite their failure to walk off with a trophy, they did accomplish one thing—they were the only team cheering in collegiate style.

Congratulations to Marlboro for winning and still being the Champs!

The three J. H. S. basketball players named for the All-Star Charity Game at Central Catholic, March 22, were the three top stars of the hoop team of '52,

namely: Captain George Schofield, Doug Alexander and Chuck Harbolt.

This is the second All-Star game for 'Scho,' who led his team in points this year by scoring 158.

Doug also played in the game last year. Doug, with his easy "Cousy-style" dribbling, tallied 94 points during the season.

Chuck, a newcomer at Johnson, sported a fine season by tallying 79 points. He is the only Junior representing Johnson this year.

Congratulations are in store for three swell kids for making the roster for the annual All-Star Game. B. C.



RECORD

FRESHMAN CLASS

This year the second annual Brooks-Johnson Scholarships will be awarded to two freshman boys. The scholarships are based on the boys' previous school records and on tests in English, Latin, and Algebra, which will be given on May second and third.

Good luck, boys! May the best man win. M. M.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

This month the school play will be presented. All the sophomores should get out and sell tickets so we can build up our treasury.

As everyone knows, the four classes in the high school receive a percentage of the proceeds, according to the number of tickets sold. M. L.

JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior girls are considering having a "Turkey Town Hop" during the April vacation. Plans at this time are indefinite.

The Junior Class anticipates the arrival of the class rings in the near future.

Congratulations are in order for the members of the Junior Class who received parts in the School Play. They are: Nancy Lawlor, Chuck Harbolt and Dick Buthmann. J. S.

SENIOR CLASS

At a class meeting, the senior class voted to give \$100 toward the expenses of the Year Book and \$100 toward the Prom.

All Seniors have now had their graduation pictures taken.

The following Seniors received honors for their work at Johnson

Valedictorian—George Knightly
 Salutatorian—Joyce Hamilton
 Class Essayists—Betty Duncan, Diana Keach.

Congratulations to Marion Bamford for receiving the D. A. R. award of a \$100 savings bond and for being elected as class orator.

Congratulations are also in order for George Schofield who was elected class marshal; Fay Belanger and Walter Crabtree, who are to write the class will; Daniel Forgetta and Christina Kane who will write the class history, and Arlene George and James McMurray who are going to write the class prophesy. E. G.

ALL-STATE CONCERT

Four students from Johnson High attended the All-State Concert in Framingham on February 14, 15, and 16. They roomed with students from Framingham High.

Three of the students, Eric Sjostrom, Lorraine Sabin and Helen Langlois sang in the All-State Chorus which was made up of 300 students from Massachusetts.

Dana Freeman played the clarinet in the All-State Band. H. L.

THE AMERICAN BAR ASSOCIATION

Mr. DeFusco, a member of the American Bar Association, presented an interesting talk to the students of the Senior Class. Attorney DeFusco stressed the importance of law to the good citizen. He also spoke on jury service.

At the end of the period, Attorney DeFusco gave the students an opportunity to ask him questions concerning the law. Because of the limited time which Attorney DeFusco had to present his speech, he expressed his desire to come back and go into the subject more deeply. D. D.

TOUR

The Physics Class of Johnson High School recently enjoyed a trip to the Watts Regulator Company in Lawrence. The tour, conducted by Mr. Giffin and

Mr. Douglas of that company, included the departments of shipping, molding, painting, inspecting, the research laboratory, and the foundry.

The class was most impressed by the newly-installed radio-frequency welder.

Miss Clara Chapman, physics instructor, accompanied the class in its tour.

C. D.

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

The Student Council worked together with the Honor Society to establish an Honor Study Room in our school. A council of three teachers and six students approved the appointment of students to this room. The Honor Study Room went into effect two weeks ago.

Recently the Student Council Dance was held in Stevens Hall. The dance proved to be a very successful event and the credit goes to our hard-working council and the chaperones. D.L.

"UNCLE HARRY"

Study in Criminal Psychology

Hester—Arlene George
 Lettie—Ina Thomson
 Lucy—Claire Markey
 Nona—Marjorie Midgley
 Miss Phipps—Nancy Burke
 Matron—Judy Cyr

Aided by six of the girl students at J. H. S., the Brooks School Dramatic Association presented "Uncle Harry," a study in criminal psychology, February 21 and 22, 1952, at the Brooks School.

Each performance was well attended despite the storm on Thursday night. Thursday's performance was open to the public, while Friday's was given for the school.

After the performance on Friday night, each girl was presented with a lovely bouquet of mixed flowers. C.D.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club has had instructions in the art of stage make-up, pantomines, charades and monologues. They plan to have a fashion-show in the near future. E. S.



"PA, GUESS WHAT?"



CHEMISTRY

" EINSTEIN'S FAN CLUB "

COMMERCIAL CLUB

At the last meeting of the Commercial Club, the girls took part in a typing contest and an adding machine contest. Miss Torpey awarded a prize to the most accurate typist.

The members also filled out a Personality Chart which shows the different phases in the development of your personality.

C.K.

PROM BENEFIT DANCE

The annual dance for the benefit of our "Junior-Senior Prom" was held on January 25. As everyone wanted the "Prom" to be extra special this year, the dance for its benefit was largely attended.

The music was provided by George Emmons and all the latest records were featured.

M.J.L.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL DANCE

The girls of our able basketball team sponsored their dance this year on February 15.

The hall was appropriately decorated with hearts and cupids in commemoration of St. Valentine's Day. All those who were there were pleased to see their names with those of their current dates, on the hearts attached to the walls.

Per usual, Emmons provided the music, with dancing from 8 to 11. M.J.L.

STUDENT COUNCIL DANCE

On March 7 our Student Council held its annual dance. The decorations featured paper records, which were attached to the wall in uneven sequence.

This dance was extremely profitable, netting between \$55 and \$60 in profits.

M.J.L.

GUIDANCE OFFICE

On Tuesday, March 18, the Junior Business Training Class put on a fashion show which many girls and boys who had study periods at that time witnessed.

Spring and summer garments were modeled by Barbara Heaton, Mary Ann Tymvakiewiz, Joan Tanski, Peggy Canty, Louise Desmulier, Dawn Pavledakes, and Marilyn Smith, freshmen from the Junior Business Class.

Miss Charlotte Killam, an employee from Cherry & Webb, described the chic blouses modeled, while Mrs. Charlotte Geraci, also an employee of Cherry & Webb, described the beautiful suits, dresses, hats, and gowns lent by that store. Mrs. Geraci also advised the girls on colors and jacket lengths.

The purpose of this show was to teach the girls to buy wisely.

Mr. Clarence Mosher, our Music Supervisor, very kindly helped in supplying the background music.

J.L.



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Well, girls, here I am for the last time this year.

This year the Johnson Girls' Basketball Team won three out of six games:

Methuen, 51—24

St. Mary's, 11—29*

St. Mary's, 14—15*

Tewksbury, 42—35

Tewksbury, 64—32

Andover Guild, 27—29*

Andover Guild was the last game we played. It was a very exciting game. The game was tied every two minutes. Claire Arsenault sunk in a two-pointer in the last quarter and won the game for us. Both Betty Corcoran and Claire Arsenault were tied with eight points each and Mary Lou Duffy followed with seven.

The following are the point-ratings which the girls got while playing first string throughout the season:

Betty Corcoran	46
Joanne Greene	46
Mary Lou Duffy	35
Edie Bamford	13
Claire Arsenault	13
Janet Nichols	11

*Starred scores are our own. J.G.

BOYS' SPORTS

The tide changed from defeat to victory when the Johnson J. V.'s clashed with Andover, forcing the latter to yield to a tune of 20-12.

The game with Methuen put another black mark against Johnson's J. V.'s record, for it was defeated by 3 points. The score: Methuen 37, Johnson 34.

One point was the deciding factor of the Varsity game between Johnson and Methuen, and the latter took home the bacon scoring 39 points to Johnson's 38.

Johnson met with Governor Dummer for a sensational come-back by winning both the J. V. and Varsity games. The scores were—Johnson 38, Governor Dummer 11; Johnson 43 and Governor Dummer 24.

Johnson 21, Woodbury 40 was the score that burdened the Black and Red five with another defeat. The initial game between the J. V.'s of both teams also proved fatal. The score was Johnson 17, Woodbury 42.

A repeat performance was played be-

tween the Saugus Varsity and her J. V.'s and Johnson Varsity and J.V.'s. Both games spotlighted Johnson as victor. The scores in succession were—Johnson 22, Saugus 18; Johnson 40, Saugus 33.

The Punchard-Johnson game proved a sad occasion for the Black and Red five of both Varsity and Junior Varsity. The score of the latter was 41-36, and of the Varsity, 29-35.

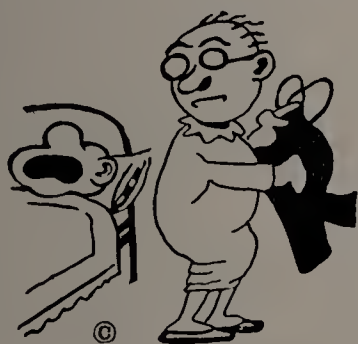
Once again Johnson competed against Governor Dummer and once again overcame her rival, winning first over the J.V.'s by scoring 36 points to their 17, and then cinching the Varsity game 56-54.

The Johnson-Methuen game was played on schedule, but Johnson, try as she might, couldn't overtake her rival and was forced to yield to a score of 45-52.

The initial J.V.'s game also proved non-victorious for Johnson at the whistle, the score board reading Johnson 30-Methuen 44.

The Tewksbury J.V.'s fought it out with the Johnson J.V.'s, but the bearers of the Black and Red stepped on their opposition, scoring 42 points to their rivals' 28. The Varsity game also created a sensation, for the North Andover boys, morally supported by the fans, forced the surrender of their competitors. The score was Johnson 49—Tewksbury 41.

At the end of another basketball season, Johnson can be proud of the fact that she always came off the court having played cleanly and fairly. R.K.



EXCHANGES

Boston University News, Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts. Your "Odd Jobs" contest was the most original, interesting, and amusing I have ever heard of, and there certainly were odd jobs hanging around.

I would like to list a few here for the J. J.:

1. Thawing the ground before gold could be mined.
2. A stepladder, cotton batting, and a box of toothpicks helped one student clean out small holes in the sound-proof ceiling of a dining room.
3. Catching worms two days after a full moon, an hour after sunset.

4. Feeding trees with a crowbar.
5. Digging graves at a Waltham cemetery.
6. Pasting cotton whiskers on Santa Claus stickers which were used on Christmas packages.

To quote the *B. U. News*, "these people have proved that the day of encyclopedia selling is a thing of the past. That's too sane an occupation for this 'Odd Job' world of ours."

* * * * *

The Holten, Holten High School, Danvers, Massachusetts. Congratulations should be extended to Corinne Williams for the cover on your February issue. The design was perfect down to every

last detail and certainly was appropriate.

Your "Off Guard" photo section is very interesting and adds action to your magazine.

* * * * *

The Sagamore, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts. "Anna" by Cecille Glazier was a very appealing story of a girl who has come from a realm of blood and terror to seek shelter in the United States. It is not, however, a figment of Cecille's imagination. "Anna is a fictitious name, of course, but she is a real person and I would like to extend the best wishes of the *Johnson Journal* to her and hope that she will be able to forget her past and make a new place in America.



HUMOR

Analysis of the Creature Known as
Woman through the Eyes of
a Chemist

Symbol—WO.

Accepted Atomic Weight—120 lbs.

Physical Properties—Boils at nothing and freezes at any minute. Melts when properly treated, very bitter if not well used.

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Violent reaction if left alone. Turns green when beside a better-looking specimen.

Occurrence—Found wherever man exists.

Uses—Highly ornamental, useful as a tonic in acceleration of low spirits. It is also useful as an equalizer in the distribution of wealth. It is probably one of the most effective income reducing agents known at the present time.

Caution—Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

"Do you know why I'm going to punish you, Arthur?"

"No, dad; why?"

"Because you hit a boy smaller than yourself."

"Oh, I thought that it was because I'm smaller than you."

Teacher—"Did your father help you with this problem?"

Willie—"No, I got it wrong all by myself."

"I hear that Bill was thrown out of school for cribbing."

"Yep."

"What happened?"

"He sneezed while he was taking an exam in Russian and they threw him out for conjugating a verb."

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